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U. S. GRANT.

ADDRESS

—OF—

SHELBY M. CULLOM.

—AT THE—

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MEMORIAL SERVICES,

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., AUG. 8th, 1885.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

Sorrow and sadness fill the land. The emblems of mourning everywhere appear. A devoted people are paying their last tribute of affection to one whom they had learned to admire and love. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world have the people of any great nation so universally united as with one mind and heart and voice in manifesting their appreciation of the life and services of a great man as in this solemn hour. No such spectacle as that of to-day has been witnessed in the United States since our own Lincoln was brought to his resting place in the midst of scenes once so familiar to him.

The National Government is conducting the funeral of Gen. Grant, in the commercial metropolis of the country, placing his mortal remains in the silent tomb with a pageantry

seldom equalled in any nation or in any age. Nor is that all. In the cities, towns and hamlets in every part of the land the people are assembled together to do honor in their own way to the great hero, expressing their high appreciation of his character and manifesting their sorrow at his death.

Such a demonstration signifies, fellow citizens, a popular recognition of the value to our country and to humanity of the life that is gone. The world is better for Gen. Grant having lived in it. Men live and die and are forgotten because they have done no act which entitles them to a place in the memories and affection of the people. Men live and die having done some act which brings upon their names and memories dishonor and disgrace. Not so the man whose loss we mourn to-day. His life has been one of truth, of honor, of simplicity, of true manhood, of great deeds, of devotion to his country, one always characterized by a love of liberty and justice.

Gen. Grant is no more. His manly form has passed from our sight. We shall see him no more as many here saw him in this city a quarter of a century ago. No more, as many of you soldier citizens saw him at Belmont and Donelson

and Shiloh and Vicksburg and Lookout Mountain, great battles through which he led you to a glorious victory. No more, as in the battle of the Wilderness. No more, as at the surrender of Lee and his army. No more, as the Chief Magistrate of a saved nation, twice called to that high office by a grateful people. No more, as when, retiring from that exalted office weary of service, he went abroad and received the homage of the crowned heads of the Old World and, which is far better, the plaudits of the millions of people there struggling for liberty and bread. No, fellow citizens, we shall see him no more, but he will still live by his example; he will still live by his great works, his sublime devotion to duty, his willing service and sacrifice for his country.

Gen. Grant's history is too well known to all the people of every part of this land to justify men in dwelling upon it in detail to-day. Never was there a man in the world's history who won a high place on the ladder of fame who relied less upon anything but the simple performance of duty in all his walks of life than did Gen. Grant. He was utterly devoid of all disposition to parade his virtues or his work. From boyhood to the end of his life he was the same plain,

simple-minded, simple mannered, truthful, unostentatious person, whether in the shop, in the command of a regiment, or an army, as Chief Magistrate of a great nation, or while receiving the plaudits of the world during his travels. For these rare and wonderful characteristics the world admired him and mourns his loss to it to-day.

I do not know that it is expected of me to-day to refer to Gen. Grant's military achievements and I shall not do so at length, but I will say what I believe, that no military man has ever lived who was his superior in war. He did not appear to be a brilliant man, and yet the brilliancy of his achievements in the field placed him foremost among the soldiers in all history. The late civil war gave ample opportunity to men on both sides to prove their military genius and show their capacity to command armies and win battles. During the progress of the struggle many men showed themselves worthy to be ranked as among the ablest military chieftains of any age, but by common consent of mankind the name of Grant was far above them all.

Of the long line of illustrious men who have left their impress upon our country's history,

there have been three who will stand above all the rest and side by side with each other—Washington, of revolutionary fame, who is called the father of his country; Lincoln, who guided the ship of State through the late storm of civil war; and Grant, the great general, who saved the nation from overthrow in the sanguinary struggle for national life. What a glorious trio of patriots, each and all of them worthy examples of purity, truth, courage, devotion to duty, and guided by their convictions in their administration of our nation's affairs. While the American people cherish the names and imitate the virtues of these great patriots and benefactors of their race the nation which the one founded and the others saved will live and prosper. Bacon said that "death openeth the good fame and extinguisheth envy." So of these three—Washington, Lincoln and Grant, while they lived lives of truth and were each raised up in the providence of God for a great work, which they performed as though specially guided by divine wisdom, yet they did not escape the shafts of envy and malice, and their great lives were often clouded with sadness because the world could not read the secrets of their hearts as they struggled for

the right. But death in each case openeth the good fame and extinguisheth envy. Washington is called the father of his country, first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen. Lincoln, by universal consent of mankind, is recognized as the emancipator of a race, and the friend of oppressed humanity everywhere. Grant, with firm step, steady hand, and heart full of devotion to duty, with faith in God and man, moved on and on in the work assigned to him in the field, and still on as a statesman in the councils of the nation, amid the fierce shafts of opposition until his work was finished. And now that he has passed beyond the reach of envy and hate, the world assigns him his place as an honest man, the greatest general of the century, and a patriot without a blot upon his record.

As Illinoisans we have good right to be proud of the fact that of the three characters who stand out most conspicuously in the history of our country two were citizens of Illinois when they entered upon their grand careers. Lincoln, the martyr President, whose sacred ashes sleep beneath yonder monument, and Grant, the successful military chieftain, were your and my

fellow citizens. It is matter of pride to us as citizens of Springfield and Sangamon county that while one of them grew up among us to those magnificent proportions of statesmanship which drew towards him the eyes of the nation and made him the foremost man in this republic, the other received here the first recognition of that genius which astonished the world and won a glorious triumph for the cause of freedom and union. The one departed from among us at the call of the nation to undergo four years of crucial anxiety and suffering, which ended with his assassination, and was returned to us just as the sunbeams of a restored union began to struggle through the smoke of battle; the other went from us as the modest and unassuming soldier to fight the battles of his country and finally, as commander of the armies of the republic in the field, to receive the sword of the leader of the rebel armies at Appomattox.

After enjoying unsought the highest honors which his country could bestow upon him, and receiving the plaudits of the principal nations of the world, the little cottage in New York became to him a "Mount of Transfiguration," and he has joined his great chief. Lincoln was struck down

in the midst of his life work, just as the dawn of assured victory had begun to illuminate the land. Grant lays down his life when his work is ended. Our grief to-day is all the more profound because our hearts are still sore from the loss which we sustained when Lincoln fell.

Lincoln and Grant, worthy compeers, unlike and yet so like. The one sagacious, with a heart overflowing with sympathy and charity for oppressed humanity; the other confiding, trusting, but with a fixed and determined purpose that allowed nothing to turn him to the right or to the left. Both plain, simple, without show, without ostentation, controlled by convictions of duty at every step, and both relying upon the heart and judgment of the body of the people as the source of their power. The one with a soul full of sentiment; the other controlled by facts, and in all his utterances with pen or voice plain, simple, strong and unequivocal. In their simplicity of character as well as their humble origin these men were remarkable. Of each it may be said as it can be said of few—

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, this was a man!"

Called upon to point out the most conspicuous qualities in Gen. Grant's character, I believe that the most discriminating observers would name his remarkable and unobtrusive modesty, his simplicity, his indomitable persistency, and a certain equipoise which made him at all times master of himself and of the situation. These qualities were consistent with each other, and formed the very basis of his character, and out of them grew that unswerving integrity, constancy to his friends, and devotion to the right which characterized his public career from the beginning to the end. The farthest removed from self-sufficiency that was possible, he was yet one of the most self-reliant and self-contained of men. In this he resembled the pyramid which, resting on the solid earth, stood only the firmer, the stronger the force brought to bear against it. This was illustrated in the remarkable series of campaigns which he conducted. His presence of mind, his equipoise, never deserted him. In this he resembled the solidity of the pyramid, to which he has already been compared. Neither the leaden assaults of his open enemies nor the scandals with which his secret foes sought to involve his name, could swerve him from a purpose once formed.

This determination is well illustrated by some of his most famous utterances: "I have no terms but unconditional surrender." "I propose to move immediately upon your works." "I shall fight it out on this line if takes all summer."

Grant could be relied on to do just what he said. It is related that on the occasion of the treason of Arnold, Washington turned to a friend and exclaimed: "Whom can we trust now?" The time never was when a duty devolved upon Grant that he could not be trusted. He could be trusted as a citizen, he could be trusted as a soldier, he could be trusted as a statesman. While it is to the military career of Gen. Grant that the world mainly directs its attention as the basis of his renown, yet he was no less a statesman. It is true that he was not so constituted as to be secure against imposition by corrupt and artful politicians, and was therefore unfortunate in some matters while President of the United States, but the great questions with which he was called upon to contend were mastered by him with wisdom and consummate statesmanship. He was called to the Presidency at a time of great political excitement, and much bitterness between the sections consequent upon the policy of recon-

struction adopted by the party in power. Disorder and confusion reigned throughout the South, and in no small degree throughout the country. He believed in a rigid enforcement of the laws and protection to all, whether white or black. His administration of affairs was faithful and true, with one purpose constantly before him—the protection of the lives and liberties of the people, and the re-establishment of the Union upon an enduring basis.

Two great acts outside the question of the restoration of the Union were the work of his administration. These alone will stand out as monuments of wisdom worthy of mention now, and which will live in history. I refer to the veto of the inflation bill, and the creation of the Treaty of Washington, whereby the differences between England and America were settled by arbitration. The one saved the credit and honor of the nation in its financial relations to the world; the other set an example of settling disputes between nations by peaceable means, instead of resorting to the sword. The one brought prosperity to the people at home and saved our credit abroad. The other was an example of statesmanship in the interest of a higher and Christian civilization.

Gen. Grant was a man of peace. He did not like war. In response to the address of the Lord Chamberlain of London, during his famous trip around the world, he uttered these words: "Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war. I have never advocated it except as a means of peace." Again he said to the working classes of Northumberland and Durham: "I was always a man of peace. I have always advocated peace, though educated a soldier." Again he said: "I would gladly see the millions of men who are now supported by the industry of the Nations return to industrial pursuits, and thus become self-sustaining, and take off the tax upon labor which is now levied for their support." He was not only a lover of peace as distinguished from war, but he was also a lover of peace and harmony politically among the people in the different sections of the country. Said he: "There is nothing I have longed for so much as a period of repose in our politics that would make it a matter of indifference to patriotic men which party is in power. I long for that." He was a man of peace when he had gone through our great civil war, and saved the nation, and had

been chosen as the candidate for President by the Republican party. Amid the shouts of victory going up all over the land, in that quiet and unpretentious manner which characterized him every where and always through life, he said to his countrymen: "Let us have peace."

The fact is Gen. Grant, with all his iron will, was one of the most humane and tender-hearted of men. He did not love war for its own sake, or the fame it brought him. This was proved in the terms he extended to Lee, and the delight with which he saw peace returning to the country after the surrender at Appomattox. In this he differed from Alexander and Napoleon and all the great warriors of antiquity and modern times. Beneath the cold exterior of the unimpressible military leader, there lurked a heart as warm and tender as that of woman. This was evinced in his love of home and his affection for his family. It was illustrated in the pleasure with which he met and received the caresses of children. I have recently read of an incident which so forcibly illustrates the character of this man whom the world is now mourning that I cannot resist the impulse to relate it. It is told by one who bore arms against his country, and

who met Gen. Grant for the first time shortly after the surrender at Appomattox, and near that place. Gen. Grant, who was then unknown to his entertainer, and had only attracted attention by his quiet, silent manner, asked his host where the pump was, as he wished to get a drink of water. The latter offered to go and get it, but Grant objected, saying that he was the younger, and would help himself. The story as told by the entertainer is as follows:

"When about the middle of the hall, my little grand-daughter came running towards me, but the silent man, spreading out both arms, caught her up and fairly smothered her with kisses, saying: 'This reminds me of my little girl at home, and makes me homesick.' To the question: 'Where is your home?' he replied: 'Galena, Illinois, but I have my family at City Point, and am anxious to get back to them.' I said: 'Will you permit me to ask your name, sir?' 'Certainly, my name is Grant.' 'Grant,' exclaimed I, 'Gen. Grant?' and I stood there awe-stricken and paralyzed with astonishment, while my heart went out after this man. I thought to myself, here is a man whose name is now in the mouth of man, woman and child throughout the civil-

ized world, and yet with all he exhibits no emotion, and seems unconcerned and unmoved until the little child reminds him of his loved ones at home, and I fairly broke down, as Gen. Grant had been pictured to us as a bloody butcher, and I had looked for a man looking as savage as a Comanche Indian."

Who that reads or hears this incident can fail to be touched by it, as that Virginia Confederate was, or fail to gain a new conception of the lofty grandeur of character of that silent man, who goes to his tomb to-day on the banks of the Hudson, accompanied by the tears of a sorrowing nation.

Such, fellow-citizens, was the character of the man whom the nation mourns to-day. He was a great citizen, a great soldier, and a great statesman. In mature years he has passed away, bidding farewell to a devoted people. How beautiful, my friends, has been the close of his life, with the hand of death upon him, permitted by Divine Providence to close up his affairs, realizing that his days were few, given the opportunity to read the expressions by all classes of his countrymen of their affection and tender solicitude, and their prayers that he might be

spared to the nation yet a little longer, but saying to his friends that he was ready to go, that the battle of life was over, and doubtless hearing the voice of the great King in Heaven: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

"To tread the walks of death he stood prepared,
And what he greatly thought he nobly dared."

The whole nation has kept vigil for months at his bed-side, and now Christendom gathers with us around his bier. On both sides of the Atlantic we have witnessed the spectacle of men of all conditions uniting to do honor to the memory of our departed hero and statesman. As his countrymen gather around his bier at Mount McGregor, so beneath the dome of Westminster Abbey, and in the presence of the dust of England's most illustrious dead, there gathers a distinguished throng to pay tribute to our dead, and mingle their tears with ours. Two continents mourn him whom we consign to the tomb to-day—aye, Christendom pauses to shed a tear at the grave of Grant.

His place in history is fixed. His work is finished. At the portals of his tomb we bid farewell to the soldier statesman, and civilization the world over mourns the loss of a friend. Let us

dwell in memory upon his resplendent virtues in faith that this national affliction may “work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

“ Men die, but sorrow never dies;
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain ”

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